

# Crow III

## White Zombie

"He can't get away with by the time  
He gets in front of the jury  
He'll be a good boy", said man one  
At a little before five o'clock He went through the basement  
"Yes or no?", demanded man two  
Bantering humor dry in his throat  
"Is there more than what she gave you?" Questioned man three as a growing flicker  
Waved across his eyes, "No"  
The space surrounds constitutes a classic climate  
This happens to now everyone in the room You feel traces, a dying sound  
Listen to the time of your life  
Standstill, panic stricken  
Ringing the bells of a empty houses  
Someone answers and calls you Transfixed by committed you say  
"I ain't no guillotine"  
The girl spoke from the doorway in her rasping voice  
"What he wants is in the house"  
The words hung there for a moment Bending forward she plucked  
She plucked the ashes from his cigarette  
And said something nobody could understand  
Nobody could understand, nobody could understand One moment of irritation  
You call back, "Why me?"  
The vantage point above the street  
Can be exhilarating Falling back to a perspective odyssey  
A track of thunder tower lust of decomposed intensity  
I am, I am, I am, I am

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